

THE BOOK  
OF THE  
ROYCROFT  
ERS





*J. J. Martin*

*Elbert Hubbard*

ELBERT HUBBARD AND PARTY IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

To  
J. J. Martin  
with charming memories  
of beautiful Vancouver  
Elbert Hubbard

The photo of Elbert Hubbard and party (See opposite page) was taken at Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia, 7th October, 1909, upon the occasion of Mr. Hubbard's visit to Vancouver as guest of the Terminal City Club. Mr. Hubbard, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, is seated in the rear. J. J. Martin, Chairman of the Reception Committee, occupies the front seat with the chauffeur. Mr. Halstead, Secretary of the Club, occupies side seat back of the chauffeur. Mr. Hubbard and his wife were since drowned on the ill-fated Lusitania--victims of Prussian diabolism.







*The Bancroft Library*

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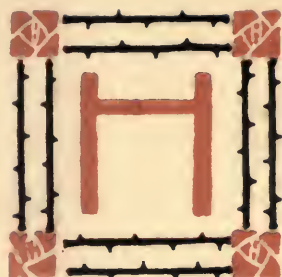


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1907  
By Elbert Hubbard

CONSECRATED LIVES





HERE'S a thought, Dearie, that I give to you because I have n't a very firm grasp upon it myself. In order to clarify my mind I explain to you. And thus, probably, do I give you something which is already yours. Grateful? Of course you are—there!

The thought is this:—but before I explain it let me tell you what a man saw in a certain cottage in Denmark. And it was such a little whitewashed cottage, too, with a single, solitary rose bush clambering over the door. An artist, his Wife and their Little Girl lived there. There were four rooms, only, in this cottage—a kitchen, a bedroom, a workroom and the Other Room. The kitchen was for cooking, the bedroom for sleeping, the workroom for work, and the Other Room was where the occupants of the cottage received their few visitors. When the visitors remained to tea or lunch the table was spread in the Other Room, but usually the Artist, his Wife and their Little Girl ate their meals in the kitchen, or in summer on the porch at the back of the house.



Now the Artist painted pictures, and his Wife carved beautiful shapes in wood; but they did n't make much money—in fact no one seemed to know them at all. They did n't have funds to accumulate a library, and perhaps would n't if they had. But still they owned all the books written by Georg Brandes.

These books were kept in a curious little case, which the Artist and his Wife themselves had made.

And before the case of books, was an ancient Roman lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a chain.

And the lamp was kept always lighted, night and day.

¶ Each morning, before they tasted food, the man and his Wife read from Georg Brandes, and then they silently refilled, trimmed and made the lamp all clean and tidy.

¶ Oho! why, your eyes are filling with tears—how absurd—and you want to hear more about the Artist and his Wife and the Little Girl!

But, bless me! that is all I know about them.

However, I do know that Georg Brandes is one of the Apostles of the Better Day. His message is a plea for beauty—that is to say, harmony. He would have us live lives of simplicity, truth, honesty and gentleness. He



The Roycroft Shop



Fruits and Flowers





The Appian Way



The Cabin



A Work Room



The Bookbindery





The Blacksmith Shop



would have us work for harmony and love, instead of for place and power. Georg Brandes is an individualist and a symbolist. He thinks all of our belongings should mean much to us, and that great care should be exercised in selection. We need only a few things, but each of these things should suggest utility, strength, harmony and truth. All of our actions should be suggestive of peace and right. Not only must we speak truth but we must live it. Our lives should be consecrated to the Good—lives consecrated to Truth and Beauty. Consecrated Lives!

And so this Artist and his Wife, I told you of, were priests of Beauty, and the Little Girl was a neophyte; and the room where the Roman lamp burned was filled with the holiness of beauty and no unkind thought or wrong intent could there exist.

Consecrated Lives! that is the subject ☸ There is a brotherhood of such, and you can reach out and touch finger tips with the members the round world over ☸ Beauty is an Unseen Reality—an attempt to reveal a spiritual condition. Members of this Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives do not take much interest in Salis-

bury's Political Policy, and all the blatant blowing of brass horns that are used on 'Change, in pulpits, or by Fourth of July speakers are to them trivial and childish. They distinguish at once the note of affectation, hypocrisy and pretense in it all. They know its shallowness, its selfishness and its extremely transient quality.

Yet your man of the Consecrated Life may mix with the world, and do the world's business, but for him it is not the true world, for hidden away in his heart he keeps burning a lamp before a shrine dedicated to Love and Beauty. The Adept only converses at his best with Adept, and he does this thru self-protection. To hear the world's coarse laugh in his Holy of Holies—no! and so around him is a sacred circle, and within it only the Elect are allowed to enter.

To join this Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives requires no particular rites of initiation—no ceremonial—no recommendations. You belong when you are worthy. But do not for a moment imagine you have solved the difficulty when you have once entered. To pride yourself on your entrance is to run the danger of finding yourself outside the pale with password hopelessly forgotten.



Roycroft Inn



The Salon





The Inn



Dining Room

Within the esoteric lines are circles and inner circles, and no man yet has entered the inmost circle where the Ark of the Covenant is secreted. All is relative.

But you know you belong to the Brotherhood when you feel the absolute nothingness of this world of society, churches, fashion, politics and business; and realize strongly the consciousness of the Unseen World of Truth, Love and Beauty. The first emotion on coming into the Brotherhood is one of loneliness and isolation. You pray for comradeship, and empty arms reach out into the darkness. But gradually you awaken to the thought that you are one of many who hope and pray alike; and that slowly this oneness of thought and feeling is making its impress felt.

Then occasionally you meet one of your own. This one may be socially high or low, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman—but you recognize each other on sight and hold sweet converse ☞ Then you part, mayhap, never to meet again, but you are each better, stronger, nobler for the meeting.

Consecrated Lives! You meet and you part, but you feel a firmer impulse to keep the light burning—the altar



light to Truth, Simplicity and Beauty. No other bond is required than that of devotion to Truth, the passion of listening in the Silence, the prayer for Wholeness and Harmony, the earnest desire to have your life reflect the Good.

All man-made organization would be fatal to the sweet, subtle and spiritual qualities of the Brotherhood. For organization means officers, judicial robes, livery, arbitrary differentiation, and all the absurd and foolish pomp of place and power. It means the wish to dictate, select and exclude, and this tokens jealousy, prejudice and bitterness—fifteen candidates for a vacant bishopric with heartaches to match! No organization ever contained within its ranks the best. Organization is arbitrary and artificial! It is born of selfishness; and at the best is a mere matter of expediency.

The Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives admits all who are worthy, and all who are excluded, exclude themselves. If your life is to be a genuine consecration you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure ☸ How many compose this Brotherhood—who shall say? There are no braggart

statisticians, no paid proselytes with their noisy boastings. Two constitute a congregation and where they commune is a temple. Many belong who do not know it; others there be who think they belong and are so sure of it that they do not.

But the Brotherhood is extending its lines; and what think you the earth will be like when the majority of men and women in it learn that to be simple and honest and true, is the part of wisdom, and that to work for Love and Beauty is the highest Good?







A Corner In Library





William Morris Room



Ruskin Room



## A LITTLE JOURNEY TO EAST AURORA





AST AURORA is a village eighteen miles southeast of Buffalo, New York. In this village live the Roycrofters, more than four hundred of them. They all work—they work with “Head, Heart and Hand.” They have no servants and no bosses—they have teachers and leaders instead. The Roycrofters turn out books that sell as high as fifty guineas. Some of these books go to Paris, Florence, Leipsic and London, in competition with the finest things in the book line that the world has produced.

The Roycrofters paint pictures; and are represented at the Salon in Paris and in the best galleries of America. The Roycrofters make furniture which adorns palaces, and ornamental copper and iron work that commands the patronage of connoisseurs.

And yet the Roycrofters are simple folks, who, living in an obscure country village, have by the excellence of their lives lifted the place into a fame that is world-wide. ¶ To search the earth for talented people, bring them together and produce art, would be easy; but for two

or three persons to begin in a barn without capital, in an average, little, quibbling, narrow-minded country village where the art impulse is conspicuous by its absence, and educate and evolve skilled workers out of crude material and at the same time make money so as to extend the business—that is an achievement!

The Roycrofters are organized as a corporation, but work together as a Community.

They own and operate a Printing Plant, a Book Bindery, a Hotel, a Farm, a Bank, a Blacksmith Shop, a Cabinet Shop.

They also weave rugs, model in clay, make stained glass windows, and raise flowers, poultry, vegetables, livestock, and run a dairy ☞ They have an art gallery, a chapel, a ballroom, a playground, a brass band and an orchestra. Their Phalansterie is so arranged that one side of all sleeping rooms is open, so practically they sleep out of doors. They have very little use for doctors.

¶ Their property must be worth half a million dollars. They issue no bonds, give no mortgages and have no debts, making it a rule to expand only as fast as they can pay for the improvements. Now all of the things





Furniture Shop





The Well



St. Peter's Gate

we have just mentioned exist, in degree, elsewhere. So there must be something else, otherwise the eyes of the world would not be turned, as they are, towards East Aurora.

And this other thing is the vital thing; and books, furniture, pictures and carpets are only the by-products & And that vital thing is Atmosphere. And Atmosphere produces Character.

On a great oaken door at Roycroft is this line from Walt Whitman: "Produce Great People—the Rest Follows!"

Great people make an atmosphere, and in turn, of course, an atmosphere reacts on the people. As far as we can judge, knowing America fairly well, we should say that there is more of the true Art Spirit in East Aurora than in any other place in the United States.

Rich men in any city may subscribe large sums and erect art galleries and lay out parks. These are like fine houses built by contractors, and furnished by professional decorators, whose business it is to please the owner.

Art must be indigenous, spontaneous. The best art of the Roycrofters is seen in their buildings and homes.



¶ In America there is much of the parvenu quality, so we see houses that are mere curiosity shops, in which are jumbled the loot of the world; and in England the spirit of the bourgeois is found to almost the same degree—coarse, crude, gilt and gaudy displays of wealth! ¶ Very, very seldom do we find harmony and wholeness and absence of fussiness in decoration.

And all because the decoration and ornament are purchased, bought—produced by one set of men for another set of men who are in a totally different business.

“Where the artist is, there is art,” said Whistler. To get art you must let the artist make the thing for himself; whenever you bribe or coerce him you get a departure from the pure type.

Great art has only been produced by simple, isolated, self-sufficient people—and people, too, who are more or less crude, barbaric and racy of the soil. Such were Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, the Bellinis, Cellini, Pallissy, Millet, Wedgwood, Turner ¶ The artists in literature have been men like Ruskin, Tolstoy, Whitman, Thoreau, Hugo, Shakespeare.

Folks who are sophisticated, smart, alert, astute, work



their energies up into foam and erect tenements that collapse, grand-stands that break down, processions that melt when caught in a shower, street-fairs that dissolve in a high wind.

But at Roycroft one realizes somewhat of the atmosphere that built the Parthenon ☞ As we stood in the moonlight at East Aurora, and looked up at the great stone tower that rises above the main shop, built of glacial stones gathered in the near-by fields, we were hushed into silence and tears by the strength and dignity of the lines—so self-sufficient, so bold yet so modest, speaking of eternity and telling of the shortness of human life, for these buildings will endure long after the builders are dust.

And these beautiful buildings are workshops—planned and erected by working people for working people ☞ ¶ So this is the idea, the Roycrofters are building for the generations that are to follow—they are influencing a people yet unborn!

The Roycroft Inn, or “Phalansterie,” is a building without decoration or ornament, and so simple and subdued that at first sight it would not command the

attention of the average man. But on closer view one finds it a model of elegance and convenience—an elegance so refined that it passes for simplicity. The dining-room we thought quite equal to some of those German creations at Karlsruhe.

All of the furniture in this little hostelry was made by the Roycrofters themselves, and in the sparsity of ornament, the subdued colors, the beautiful grains of the hard woods, one sees the sure influence of William Morris.

It has been said that the Roycroft work was founded on the idea of William Morris, but let no one imagine that the Roycrofters are mere imitators—they have, in many respects, passed Morris far. One thing, William Morris inherited a fortune and always had the money to secure the talent he desired, if it was not close at hand. But the Roycroft has had to produce its workmen. And to a great degree the best people now in the Roycroft Shop are those with a tortuous past ☿ Some have seen the inside of court rooms, from the criminal dock; others are quite familiar with bankruptcy proceedings, and it almost seems as if all of them had



Emerson Walk



Roycroft Chapel





A Writing Room



Art Gallery



at some time slipped or stumbled; but if they fell, they got up again, and now surely are going bravely forward.

In the Shops are seen all ages from children to octogenarians. Then there are the blind, the deaf, and now and then a mental defective—but all at work, busy, happy—losing themselves in useful effort.

It would be absurd to say you could build up a community with the defective or broken-down, but if you have enough strength, character, purpose and love, the whole concern will not only float, but will make head.

¶ So the Roycrofters have among them a deal of firm, moral and mental fibre—men and women who can keep the hoops on the barrel and the chimes in place.

¶ The Roycroft has no figureheads, no hangers-on, no pensioners—everybody works. The Roycroft is a school and factory combined, and many of the workers fully realize that they are getting paid here for doing what they would have to pay for the privilege of doing elsewhere.

Next, there is no waste. Poultry and live stock consume what is not wanted at the Phalansterie or Inn;

and people who work steadily eight hours a day do not destroy, nor are they given to roystering.

Two magazines of world-wide circulation are published by the community, and these to a certain degree, advertise and sell the wares of the concern. Next, Mr. Hubbard's presence is in demand as a public lecturer, and for his services in this way he is paid several hundred dollars a night, all of which money goes into the Roycroft treasury. At the same time the lectures advertise the Roycrofters, for Mr. Hubbard does not endeavor to conceal the fact that he is in business.

Then there is a stream of visitors who go to this wonderful place, and who all leave more or less money. Occasionally these visitors remain for weeks to study bookbinding, music or art, and so are a source of income.

¶ The various departments of the Shop give a chance to try workers in different places—if they don't fit in one place they may elsewhere. Then the care of the grounds, flowers, gardens, etc., afford opportunity for those too old or without the capacity for skilled work.

¶ Possibly it is not feasible to have a Roycroft Shop in every town, but surely we can all cultivate the

Roycroft spirit, which is to "live one day at a time, do our work as well as we can, and be kind."

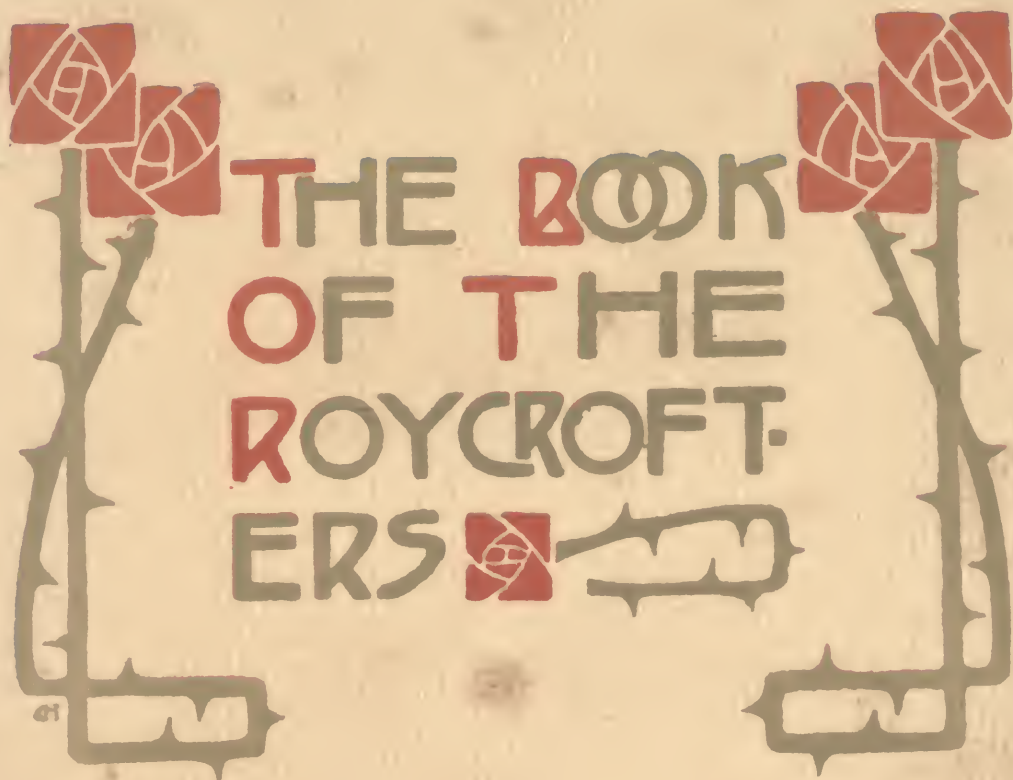
Things only happen when some strong man makes them. We think that the real achievement of Elbert Hubbard has been in securing, and to a great degree in educating excellent, earnest people, and then keeping them at work together, happy and harmonious.

—FRANCIS AND ABIGAIL FARRAR









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May 11<sup>th</sup> 1915  
J. J. Martin

## THE FOUNDER OF THE "ROY-CROFTERS" AMONGST THE LUSITANIA'S VICTIMS.

WHO AND WHAT THE "ROY-CROFTERS" ARE.

WORKING WITH "HEAD, HEART, AND HAND."

(To the Editor of "The Daily Post.")

Sir,—Among the victims of the Lusitania diabolism I notice the name of Elbert Hubbard, the brilliant American author and lecturer, and founder of the "Roycrofters," a gentleman with whom I was personally acquainted, and had the honor to number among my friends. There are few indeed in the literary world who have not heard of Mr. Hubbard and his world-renowned "Phalanstère" at East Aurora, New York.

Since the aims and objects of the Tasmania Colonising Association are somewhat similar to those that have been in successful operation for a number of years in East Aurora, it may be of interest to quote from a description of the place published by a visitor a few years ago.

"East Aurora is a village eighteen miles southeast of Buffalo, N.Y. In this village live the Roycrofters, more than four hundred of them. They all work—they work with 'head, heart and hand.' They have no servants and no bosses—they have teachers and leaders instead. The Roycrofters turn out books that sell as high as fifty guineas. Some of these books go to Paris, Florence, Leipzig, and London, in competition with the finest things in the book line that the world has produced.

"The Roycrofters paint pictures, and are represented at the Salon in Paris, and, in the best galleries of America. They Roycrofters in furniture which adorns palaces, and ornamental copper and iron work that command the admiration of connoisseurs. And yet the Roycrofters are simple folk, who, living in an obscure country village, have, by the excellence of their lives, lifted the place into a fame that is world-wide. "The Roycrofters are organised as a corporation, but they work together as a community. They own and operate a printing plant, a book-binding, an hotel, a farm, a bank, a blacksmith shop, and a cabinet shop. They also weave rugs, model in clay, make stained glass windows, and raise flowers, poultry, vegetables, live stock, and run a dairy. They have an art gallery, a chapel, a ballroom, a playground, a brass band, and an orchestra. At Roycroft one realises the refined atmosphere that built the Parthenon. As we stood in the month of an autumn, and looked up at the great stone tower that rises above the main shop, built of glacial stones, fished in the nearby fields, we were impressed into silence by the strength and dignity of the lines—so self-sufficient, so bold, and yet so modest, speaking of eternity and telling of the stoutness of human life, for these buildings will endure long after the builders are dust. And these beautiful buildings are workshops—planned and executed by working people for working people. So this is the idea, the Roycrofters are building for the generations that are to follow—they are indulging a people yet unborn.

"The Roycrofters live among them a deal of farm, mental, and mental three men and women who keep the books on the barrel and the chimneys in place. They have no legends, no hangings on, no pen-sions, everybody works. The Roycroft is a school and factory com-

"There is a stream of visitors who go to this wonderful place; occasionally these visitors remain for weeks to study bookbinding, music, or art, and so are a source of income. The various departments of the shop give a chance to try workers in different places—if they don't fit in one place they may elsewhere. Then the care of the grounds, flowers, gardens, etc., afford opportunity for those too old or without capacity for skilled work. The Roycroft spirit is to 'live one day at a time, do our work as well as we can, and be kind.'"

The Roycroft was started by two or three persons who commenced working in a barn without capital in a narrow-minded country village where the art impulse was conspicuous by its absence; faithfulness, ability, and perseverance have made it what it is.

Like every reformer who has dared to put into practice the Christian theory, from the time of the Master unto the present day, Mr. Hubbard has been the target for the slander, abuse, and unfair criticism of the pharisaical elect, but the institution he has founded and the many human derelicts he has snatched from out of the ditch of despair and made useful men and women by setting them to work, and encouraging them to thus accomplish their own salvation, is ample evidence of his sincerity and goodness of heart. His untimely taking off, if it be true, is a loss indeed—the Kaiser has much to answer for; it would be interesting to know what kind of a reception he will have when he, too, has to cross the "great divide."—Yours, etc.,

J. J. MARTIN.

Organising Secretary of the, Tasmania Colonising Association,  
125 Collins street, Hobart  
May 10, 1915.



Memoranda

Keep. Carefully

Book autographed by Elbert Hubbard  
containing his photo and also that of  
J. J. Martin see inside for particulars

Don't destroy—valuable

Memoranda

